THE RIVALS.

Act First.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, *and* *Souldiers as from Victor*

Arcon. THe Tyrant's high designs found ill success;
'Twas not so easy as he fondly hop'd,
To make this Country subject to his pow'r,
By Violence.

Polyn. Sir, he presum'd,
That your *Arcadians* were grown weak with ease;
And Love had soften'd us to Cowardize.

Arcon. But he has found the heat of Love in them
Had not so stifl'd all their sparks of Valour,
But that they still retain'd enough to make
A lightning which did blast his spreading pow'r.

Polyn. And that they had not so much Courage lost
Amongst the Myrtles, as not to deserve
A Victor's Laurel; Though they seem inclin'd
Only to Pastoral delights, yet when

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The Actors Names.

Arcon	*The Prince of* Arcadia.	*Mr.* Young.
Polynices	*His General.*	*Mr.* Smith.
Provoſt	*Mr. and keeper of the Cittadel.*	*Mr.* Sandford.
Theocles, Philander	*Rivals to the Princeſs* Heraclia.	*Mr.* Harris. *Mr.* Betterton.
Cinopes	*The* Provoſt's *Man.*	*Mr.* Underhil.
Heraclia	*Neece to the Prince.*	*Mrs.* Shadwel.
Celania	*Daughter to the* Provoſt.	*Mrs.* Davis.
Leucippe	Celania's *Maid.*	*Mrs.* Long.

Attendants and Guards.

The Actors Names.

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Polynices	*His General.*	Mr. [illegible]
Provost	*Mr. and keeper of the Citadel.*	Mr. Sandford.
Theocles	*Rivals to the Princess Heraclia.*	Mr. Harris.
Philander		Mr. Butterton.
Cunopes	*The Provost's Man.*	Mr. Underhill.
Heraclia	*Neece to the Prince.*	Mrs. Shadwel.
Celania	*Daughter to the Provost.*	Mrs. Davis.
Leucippe	*Celania's Maid.*	Mrs. Long.

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Amongst the Myrtles, as not to deserve
A Victor's Laurel; Though they seem inclin'd
Only to Pastoral delights, yet when

They quit th[illegible] to assume the Sword,
They can [illegible] those VVho shall
Intrench [illegible]
And Chai[illegible]
Our Suit[illegible]
By Tyra[illegible]
Arcon. But yet [illegible]
The Tyrant fought with so much resolution,
And made such Slaughters amongst our Troops,
As if he had been arm'd with Innocence,
Or at the least, intended to atone
The Butcheries his Spleen had acted in peace;
By Slaughters which his Valour made in VVar.

Polyn. Your Justice lyes in *Harpacus* his death,
Rising more splendid in his being set.
He was a most unbounded Tyrant, Sir;
And though his actions in this bloody VVar
Merited Life, yet his precedent deeds,
Deserv'd a death more infamous then that,
Your Sword vouchsaf'd him. Yet 'twas Justice in you
And you derive a Lustre from my Crimes.
His blackness makes your Glory shew more bright,
Thus darkness alwayes ushers in the Light.

Arcon. Ascribe it to a Justice more Supreme,
From whose disposure we must own success,
A Grave contains him, that usurp'd a Throne,
Grasping at others Crowns he lost his own.
But, VVhere's the *Provost* of our Cittadel?

Polyn. He guards the pris'ners hither. The old Man
Is valiant to a Miracle: He fought as if he
Reinforc'd his aged blood,
And gather'd life by taking it from Enemies.

Enter Provost, *with* Theocles *and* Philander,
As Prisoners and Guards.

Arcon. VVelcom brave Man. What Chronicle's enough
For thy deserts? The actions of thy age
Shall keep thy memory from growing old.
Thy Worth which seem'd declining has broke out
With such surprizing Splendor in the fight
As dazl'd all our Eyes who did behold it,
We now have nothing else left but Wonder,
To entertain thy Merits.

Prov.

Prov. Royal Sir,
Supported by the Juſtice of your Cauſe,
I might do things perhaps beyond my hope,
But [illegible] doe my duty. I owe more
To this my Country and your ſacred Perſon;
Then my exhauſted blood or life can pay.
Arcon. The Tempeſt is diſpell'd, now thou ſhalt ſet
In a full glory which no future cloud,
Or ſtorm of War ſhall ever Over-caſt;
Thou ſhalt wear out the Remnant of thy dayes
In peace. Th'Invader of our Country's dead.
Prov. But how ſhall theſe his kinſmen be diſpoſ'd,
Who did ſo long ſupport his reeling Cauſe:
Whoſe Valour oft reſtor'd their army's health,
By letting ours blood.
Arcon. They are Gallant Spirits,
Treat 'em as Priſ'ners, but as Noble ones.
I pity their Engagements in this War,
Who never own'd the Tyranny that Caus'd it.
Their Valour ſeem'd diſtracted in the fight,
As if they did deſire to ſave the perſon
Of *Harpacus*, and yet diſguſt his Cauſe.
Their Courage was inflam'd with Loyalty
To him, but quench'd with pity towards us.
Prov. They kill'd
With ſuch regret, as if they did embrew
Their Swords in blood to bluſh for thoſe they ſlew.
Arcon. How are they call'd?
Prov. One is call'd *Theocles*,
Th'other *Philander.*
Polyn. This is that *Theocles*, who in reward
Of what he pleas'd to praiſe in me as Valour,
Reſcu'd my Life when I was Priſ'ner tane
By his own Troop, and gave me liberty,
A debt which I will ſtrive to pay.
Arcon. They are not wounded much?
Prov. Not mortally;
But yet their wounds are not Contemptible.
Arcon. Let 'em have Noble uſage: Summon all
Our Surgeons to their Cure; Their Lives concern us
Much more then Millions do of Common rank.
I value priſ'ners of their quality
Too much to let 'em Captives be to death.
Yet *Provoſt* let their perſons be ſecur'd

I'th' Cittadel, till we give further order.

Prov. Sir I [illegible] obey.

My Lords, I [illegible] must guard you both
Into restraint; [illegible] Prince Commands,
I shou'd [illegible] Cittadel.

Theo. Lead [illegible], we have seen the Cruelty
Of *Harpacus* to others, and have learnt
By Eye-sight how to undergo Misfortunes.
The Tides of blood shed by our Cruel Uncle
Has our Compassion so much wasted, even
For strangers, that we scarce have any left
Now for our selves, we can with patience bear
Imprisonment or death.

Phila. We have so often mourn'd when we were free,
That we can smile at our Captivity.

[*Exit* Provost, Theocles, Philander, *and Guard.*

Arcon. They have almost melted my Severity
Into compassion.

Polyn. I'm full of pity, Sir, for *Theocles.*

Arcon. But why not for *Philander* too?
He seems as full of Merit.

Polyn. *Theocles* is he,
Who from the oppression of a Multitude
In the late battaile rescu'd me from death,
And checking the oppressor's Violence,
In such a Cowardly and base assault
Dismiss'd me, not discovering his name,
Making his Courtesy the more obliging
By his not owning it.

Arcon. I have heard you speak of it. 'Twas bravely done.

Enter Heraclia, *and her Woman.*

Polyn. The Princess, Sir.

Arcon. Where is she? My return is yet so new
I have not seen her.

Polyn. She's Entring, Sir.

Hera. What welcom shall give vent [*she Kneels.*
To my Excess of Joy for your return.

Arcon. Rise deerest Niece, we have fought hitherto
For Liberty, and to preserve your Knees
From such a disobliging posture; as
Too much resembles bondage. You must rise. [*lifts her up.*

Hera. Your presence brings me a Transport of bliss
Proportion'd to the fears your absence Caus'd

As

As if that passion had instructed [illegible]

Arcon. Cou'd you then fear?
How cou'd your Innocence so much distrust
The Justice of our cause, as to admit
A jealousy or doubt of the success.

Hera. Fear's ever Credulous. I know not but
Some Sword ambitious of the blood of Princes
Might drink too deep of yours (although at ebb)
Leaving your Orphan-Subjects to be drown'd
In floods of Tears occasion'd by your fall,
Weeping their own ith' Prince's funeral. [Weeps

Polyn. How seriously she recollects a storm [Aside
Rais'd by her fancy or at most but threatn'd
And talks her Eyes into a real showre.

Arcon. How strangely does her Love reveal it self? [Aside
She (Since her Joyes with violent Supply's
Silence her Tongue) wou'd speak 'em with her Eyes.

Hera. But since Y'are safe return'd, Why shou'd I weep
Strange Joyes! Which do in Tears their Revels keep.
Since all your Country now enjoyes it's peace,
The Conflict of my passions here shall cease.
Noble *Polynices* I justly am Transported
But shall soon return to you with praise.
When in Fames-Temple I've inthron'd
The Prince, then give you those respects
Which you for Loyalty and valour have deserv'd.

Polyn. Though my Merits were
As great as may deserve your notice, Madam,
Yet they are no more then what may still be nam'd
My duty.

Hera. But Royal Sir, your own Joyes seem
Clouded with some thing that resembles grief.

Arcon. I much rejoyce in that felicity
Our Subjects from the Victory derive;
But that exempts me not from discontent
Whilst I foresee the posture of my Throne,
When I Expire. No remnant of my blood
Shall ere survive th' Interrment of my bones
Or Solemnize my burial with a Tear
Of Kin to those my aged Eyes let fall.
Had I a Child, my Joyes would then be full,
Which now prove Empty and not worth a Smile.

Hera. Wave, Sir, such melancholy thoughts; They prove
But wings to death: Those who so oft reflect

Upon

Upon [illegible] and come soonest thither. [illegible]
They [illegible] dispensous, and [illegible]
Live out their [illegible] then other men.

Arcon. What [illegible] object may deserve my thoughts.

Polyn. Think rather, Sir, on that Solemnity
Which by th' *Arcadian* Customes is allow'd
In honour of your Birth-day, and is still
With so much Lustre celebrated here
'Tis as 't were day-break to all the Year.

Hera. That day shall [illegible] retrive you from the Grave,
And when one day i'th' Year shall put on black
To mourn your loss, the sight and Solemn shows
Which intimate your death, shall so be drown'd
I'th' Annual Joyes, wherein we still express
Your happy Birth, that it shall still be said
You are new born and not that you are dead.

Arcon. You have almost persuaded me to lay
These serious thoughts asleep.

Hera. Your Birth-day, Sir,
Comes as a Triumph to your Victory.
Your happy Birth you shall see Solemniz'd
With greater Splendor by the Tyrant's death:
They are preparing for the Celebration.

Arcon. You have prevail'd: I am resolv'd to soften
My thoughts of War, by this Solemnity.
Thus Fields of Blood may us to Gardens bring
As furious Winter Ushers in the Spring. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philander, *and* Theocles, *walking on The Tarras in the Cittadel.*

Philan. The *Provost* does oblige us by permitting
The freedom of this walk upon the Tarras.

Theo. Cosin, How d'you? I am concern'd
So much in your wisht health that I enquire
After my own exactly from your pulse.

Phi. I'm strong enough I hope for Misery,
Although I fear, we are for ever pris'ners.

Theo. My thoughts are of the same complexion too,
Our fears do Sympathize, just like our Loves.

Philan. O, Cosin *Theocles*, How are we lost?
Where are our kindred, friends and Country now,
Those comforts we shall never meet agen.
No more shall we behold the games of Honour
Where Youths (with painted favours hung

Like

Like tall Ships under Sail) ſtriving for fame,
Rival each others glory, VVe no more
Like twins of honour e're ſhall exerciſe
Our arms again. Our Swords which Lightn'd in
The peoples Eyes, muſt now like Trophy's hang
To deck the Temples of the Gods that hate us,
And ſignify our ruine and defeat.

Theo. Our hopes are priſ'ners with us, we review
Our former happineſs in vain. Our Youth
Too ſoon will wither into age, and prove
Like a too timely Spring, abortive. Here
(Which more afflict us) we ſhall both expire
Unmarryed; No imbraces of a VVife,
Loaden with Kiſſes and a thouſand *Cupids*,
Shall ever claſp our necks, no iſſue know us,
No figures of our ſelves ſhall we e're ſee
To glad our age, and like (young Eagles) teach 'em
To look againſt bright arms.

Phila. No more ſhall we e're hollow to our Hounds
VVhich ſhook the aged Forreſt with their Eccho,
All pleaſures here ſhall periſh, and at laſt
(VVhich is the Curſe of Honour,) VVe ſhall dye
Children of grief and ignorance.

Enter Celania *and* Leucippe *as at a Window.*

Leuc. This Window, Madam, looks into the Tarras
VVhere they are walking, you may over-hear
All their diſcourſe (the Curtain being cloſ'd)
VVithout diſcovery.

Cela. Their looks betray
No great dejection at their Miſery.

Theo. Though our Misfortunes are as black as midnight,
I ſee two Comforts riſing. We may here
Exerciſe patience, and enjoy each other.
Philander being with me I can ne're
Think this a Priſon.

Phila. Coſin, 'tis moſt true,
That our Misfortunes are together twiſted
VVhich to our Miſery brings ſome redreſs;
Affliction thus by ſpreading becomes leſs,
Our Mutual Society will teach us
To under-go what heav'n in Wrath deſign'd
And never weep for neceſſary fate.
That Man is free, who bondage bravely bears;
But he does ſink himſelf, who ſwims in Tears.

Cela.

Cela. How sweetly they express themselves, *Leucippe.*
Trust me me-thinks their VVords might melt the stones
and make their passage through the Prison VValls
Leucip. Let's listen Madam.
Theo. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
VVhich all men hate so much.
Philan. How Cosin *Theocles*?
Theo. VVhat can we want?
VVealth we need none, we are each other's mine,
Each other's VVife, begetting every hour
New births of Love; we're Father, Friends, Acquaintance,
VVe are in one another Family's.
I am your heir and you are mine, this place
Is our Inheritance; and no oppressor
Dare take this from us. Here with Patience
VVe may live long. No surfets seek us here.
Philan. Here no man falls by the rude hand of VVar,
And by his groanes half kills the next with fear.
Nor shall the Sea's here swallow up our Youth.
Cela. How they forget their Misery's: They brook
Affliction with so smooth a brow, they seem
Pictures of Patience, and drawn in Oyle.
Theo. VVere we at liberty and unconfin'd,
A VVife might disunite us lawfully,
Bus'ness divide us.
Phil. Or I might sicken, Cosin,
VVhere you should never know it, and so perish
VVithout your Noble hand to close my eyes.
Celan. VVhat charming language his affection speakes?
VVhat kindness wou'd he to a VVoman show
That is enamour'd on his kinsman so?
How happy were a Maid which shou'd receive
So sweet assurances of Love?
Phila. I'm almost wanton with Captivity.
VVhat Misery it is to live abroad,
And every where? Me-thinks 'tis like a Beast:
I here enjoy a Court: I'm sure I find
A greater satisfaction.
Theo. What had we bin,
Had we grown aged in our Uncle's Court?
Where Sin was Justice, Lust and Ignorance
The commendable Virtues of great men.
Had not the loving Gods found this place for us
We shou'd ha' dy'd as they did, ill old men,

Without

Without the Charity of one man's Tear
But with their Epitaphs, the peoples Curſes.

Enter Cunopes.

Cunop. Gentlemen, the Clock has ſtruck.
Phil. Coſin, our time of walking is expir'd,
We muſt ſubmit to this Man's Inſolence.
Cunop. What haſte you make?
Theo. Well Coſin, let's retire,
We'll ſing our cares aſleep, and then to Bed.
Cunop. You will a time for Catches in your Chamber. [*Exeunt*
Cela. Hard-hearted *Cunopes*; How could'ſt thou have
So little Mercy?
Leuc. Madam, I have power
To make him much more civil
Cela. What's your meaning?
Leuc. He is in Love with me.
Cela. In Love with thee?
Leuc, Yes, Madam, Have you not obſerv'd his looks
And Carriage towards me of late?
Cela. Now I remember I have ſeen him Smile,
And ſhew you more reſpect than he was wont;
But I am indiſpos'd to entertain
The Cauſe of Mirth or Scorn. I weep to think
The Gentlemen are ſo ill treated.
Leuc. So much concern'd? I gueſs what wind blows up
This ſhow'r, they both deſerve to be belov'd
Madam, may I know which you 've pitch'dupon?
Celan. What is thy meaning Wench?
Leuc. Nay, ne'r conceal it,
I know by the diſtilling of your Eyes
There's fire underneath. Madam, confeſs.
Cela. Confeſs? What? prethee!
Leu. Which of the Gentlemen
May boaſt the Conqueſt? Which do you affect?
Cela. I affect, both of e'm they are a pair
In whom the World is rich.
Leu. Love both of them?
I have ſo much Experience in Love
To know then, that it muſt be neither.
Celan. Well!
Suppoſe I'm inclin'd to one of them,
Am I oblig'd to tell you which it is?

Love is a grief of which few e're had Cauſe
To boaſt, and Love is boaſted when reveal'd.
Lenc. Is Love a Crime, that it muſt be conceal'd?
Cela. Love may grow cold when publick it becomes:
Flames beſt preſerve their heat in Leſſer roomes. [*Exeunt.*

The Second Act.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, *and* Provoſt.

Arcon. To what does all this mediation tend?
Why ſhou'd you intercede for *Theocles*.
Polyn. Sir, Since I owe my liberty and life
To his unequall'd Generoſity,
Inable me to pay him with his own.
Arcon. That were to give him a Capacity
Of making new attempts upon our peace;
The Tyrant's Subjects animated by
The preſence of a perſon ſo renown'd,
Will undertake revenge.
Polyn. You may ſecure your ſelf by Articles.
Prov. Or ſet him free
Upon condition, that he ſhall with ſpeed
Arcadia leave, and never more return.
Polyn. His noble Nature will ſo well reſent
Your Clemency, he'l eaſily obey,
And ſtifle all deſires to be reveng'd
In grateful recollections of your Love.
Arcon. But whil'ſt for *Theocles* you freedome ask,
You ſeem forgetful of that Solitude,
By which *Philander's* ſtrict confinement will
Become to him more inſupportable.
Polyn. You may give him ſome hopes of Liberty.
Prov. Upon a Ranſom that may correſpond
To ſo much worth as he is owner of.
Arcon. Polynices, Your ſuit is granted. Set *Theocles*
Free from priſon: But forbid him
E're to return to *Arcadia*.
So he his Liberty enjoys, and we
From Jealouſies of new attempts are free.

Provoſt,

Provoſt, take order for his Liberty.
Polyn. But let him ſtill remain in ignorance
Who 'twas procur'd it, as he reſcu'd me,
Yet kept his name and quality conceal'd
Leaving me to admire, not thank my Friend.
Areon. But let *Philander* not ſo ſoon receive
The news of my reſolves; I firſt will ſee
With what reluctancy he ſhall reſent
The others loſs and his Impriſonment.
Prov. I ſhall obey, Sir. [*Exeunt*,

Enter Heraclia, *and* Celania, *ſeverally.*

Hera. Welcome *Celania*: I muſt give you thanks
For your kind Viſit.
Cela. Madam, I am happy
To have the priviledge of waiting on you,
Your thanks will make me proud.
Hera. Your company
Does merit more. How oft have I receiv'd
A reſpit from the preſſure of thoſe fears
Which did preſent me with the chance of War
And my dear Uncle's hazard, by your Talk,
Your ſweet Converſe? I have forgot the thoughts
Of Trumpets, and the Muſick of your voice
Has charm'd me to forget all threatning ſounds.
Cela. My duty did inſtruct me to divert
Your troubles, Madam, by concealing mine.
I often have ſpoke fearleſs of the Warr,
When my own thoughts have been in Mutiny,
And my heart bandy'd between hope and dread
For my dear Father.
Hera. But *Celania*;
I hear there are two Pris'ners (whoſe repute
Fame ſpeaks with great advantage) very lately
Committed to your Father's Cuſtody.
Cela. There are ſuch, Madam.
Hera. How do they ſupport
Their ſtrict confinement?
Cela. With ſuch Conſtancy
As if they had forgot they e're were free:
'Tis Pity that they are in priſon, and pity
They ſhou'd be out. I over-heard their

Mutual discourse, which does discover
A patience, that wou'd make adversity
Asham'd. The prison's proud of 'em. They turn
Their Misery to Mirth. They have all the VVorld
VVithin their Chamber. Though the prison seems
To mourn for their restraint, 'tis Holyday to look on 'em.
Hera. Are they both alike
So unconcern'd in their unhappiness,
That neither of e'm e're does yeild a sigh
To hint out some reflections upon what they have bin?
Cela. Sometimes one of e'm perhaps
VVill unawares vent a divided sigh,
Martyr'd as 'twere in the delivery,
VVhich strait the other does so calmly chide
And then so sweetly comforts him who sigh'd it,
That I cou'd almost VVish my self a sigh,
To be so chid; or at the least a sigher
To be so comforted.
Hera. But what can he
Reply in vindication of himselfe?
Cela. He strait redeems the Error of that sigh
By singing, which he does to that degree
Of ravishing that even the Prison-VVal
(VVhich only Eccho other's Misery)
Bear a part in's Musick; and (as if
They were in Love with whatsoe're he sings)
Repeat his Notes agen.
Hera. But does he not
Sometimes let fall a Tear as well as sigh?
Cela. Though Tears (when wept by you in time of VVar
For your dear Uncle's peril) seem'd to be
refreshing showres let fall upon your cheeks
To make the Roses look more faire; yet they
VVou'd seem too much Effeminate in him;
They VVou'd like Mildew, taint his blooming Youth
And stain his Courage: Therefore still his Eyes,
Like Sunns dry up that Dew befors it falls.
Hera. She loves him sure? ——— Ile try her.
You cannot tell, how long the Cittadel
Shall be their Prison?
Cela. Madam, are they like to be remov'd?
Hera. I left my Uncle
Together with the General and *Provost*
In consultation, how they shou'd dispose

O'th

O'th pris'neri: and amongſt the reſt of theſe
Polymices employs his Intereſt
For the releaſe of one, that he may make
Retaliation for the Liberty
He gave him, when oppreſt by Multitudes,
In ſome Incounter.
Cela. Shall one be releas'd?
Hera. 'Tis very probable.
Cela. Good Madam which?
Hera. I ſuppoſe *Theocles.*
Cela. That pleaſes me. And yet I know not why
I wiſh the other better, yet me thinks
I'm glad he ſhall a pris'ner ſtill remain:
I willingly cou'd wiſh his happy ſtate
Yet ſeem to hope he'l reſt unfortunate.
Hera. She likes the news, yet ſeems not fully pleas'd;
I'l try her further! *Theocles* ſhall be
Acquitted, but it is preſum'd the other
(being too conſiderable to be freed)
VVill——
Cela. Do what Madam?
Hera. Dye.
Cela. Dye?
Hera. Have I found you?
Dye? Yes *Celania.* You are naught concern'd
Whether he Dye or Live.
Cela. Madam, 'tis true;
And yet alas I know not what I am.
I find a lively advocate within
That wou'd not have him dye: I muſt withdraw,
Or elſe I ſhall betray my Paſſion.
Hera. Celania! You are grown thoughtful.
Cela. Madam, I'm ſcarce recover'd from the fears
Begot by the late War. My Company
VVill be but troubleſome. Your goodneſs will
Pardon my too abrupt departure. [*Exit.*
Hera. She is too viſibly in Love: Alas
I have deceiv'd her into too much fear:
I willingly cou'd undeceive her now.
But ſhe'l ſoon find the fallacy. I'l take
A turn i'th'. Garden whoſe kind Walks and Air,
Make the Evenings oft to me delightſome prove
She's ſcorch'd i'th' fiery Element of Love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Philander, *and* Theocles, (*at in the Balcone, walking in the Palace-Garden.*)

Phila. Is there Record of any two that lov'd
Better then we do, Coſin?
Theo. There cannot be.
Phil. Our friendſhip is by long continuance
Become ſo ardent and Invincible,
And by our reſolution ſo confirm'd
I think it is beyond the power of time
Or any Accident e're to infringe it.
Theo. Our Love's bright fire has bin preſerv'd ſo long,
The flame is (like the Veſtals) ſacred grown,
Which nothing e're can violate or quench.
Phila. Nothing but death: And, Coſin, after death
Our ſpirits ſhall be led to thoſe that love
Eternally. Free from allay of fleſh;
Our Love ſhall be refin'd to that degree
Of purity, that it ſhall kindle us
Into one Conſtellation, by whoſe Rayes
Surviving Friendſhip's ſhall be ſo inflam'd,
They ſhall not languiſh, or know how to dye.

Enter Heraclia, *and* Cleone, *in the Garden.*

Theo. Coſin, Why proceed you not?
Hera. What flower is this?
Cleon. 'Tis call'd *Narciſſus*, Mada.
Hera. That was a pretty, but a fooliſh Boy,
To looſe himſelf. Were there not Maids enow?
Theo. Pray forward.
Hera. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Cleon. They cou'd not be to one ſo fair.
Hera. Thou wou'dſt not?
Cleo. I think I ſhou'd not, Madam.
Theo. Will you proceed, Coſin?
Hera. Canſt thou not work ſuch flowers in ſilk, Wench?
Cleo. Yes.
Hera. They will ſhow rarely on a Valence.
Theo. Coſin! Coſin? How d'ye?
Phil. Never till now was I a priſ'ner.
Theo. VVhy, VVhat's the matter?
Phil. Behold and VVonder! She is not mortal ſure!
Theo. Ha!

Phil.

Phil. She is divine, and now the Sun draws low,
Comes to revive the drooping flowers, and make
Them (like her self) Immortal, by the beams
Proceeding from her Eyes.
Hera. Of all the Flowers me thinks a Rose is best.
Cleon. VVhy, Gentle Madam?
Hera. Because it is the Emblem of a Maid,
For when she's gently by the VVest-VVind woo'd,
How modestly she blows, with a complexion
Made up of smiles and blushes; when the North
Comes near, impatient then, like Chastity
She locks her Beauties in her Bud agen,
And leaves him then to blow on nought but Bryars.
Cleo. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her Modesty will bloom so far
She falls for't: which a Maid of any Honour
VVill hardly Imitate.
Hera. Thou art grown VVanton!
Theo. She's very fair.
Phila. She's all the Beauty extant.
Hera. The Sun is set. Lets walk in: Keep the flowers
To see how neer Art can resemble them. [*Ex.*
Phila. Might not a Man well lose himself and Love her?
Theo. I cannot tell what you have done, I have;
Beshrew my eyes for't: now I feel my Bondage.
Phi. You love her then?
Theo. Who would not?
Phi. I saw her first.
Theo. VVhat if you did? That poor pretence will prove
Too weak. There's no priority in Love:
I saw her too.
Phil. Yes, but you must not love her.
Theo. I will not, as you do, to VVorship her
As she's divine; I love her, to enjoy her
As she's a Woman: and thus both may love.
Phila. You shall not love at all.
Theo. Who shall deny me?
Phila. I that first took possession with my Eyes
Of all those Beauty's, which in her reveal
Themselves to Mortals: If thou entertain'st
A hope to blast my VVishes, *Theocles*,
Thou art as false as is thy Title to her;
If thou dar'st love her, I disclaim all bonds
Of Love and Friendship.

Theo.

Theo. Sir, I must Love her,
If that can shake *Philander* off, adieu
I say, agen, I love; and will maintain,
I have as just a Title to her Beauty,
As any man who dares pretend a claim.
Let me deal coldly with you. Are not we
Of the same blood? Have not our Souls Combin'd
(As 'twere in Correspondence with our blood)
To twist us into one by Friendship?

Phil. Yes.

Theo. Am I not lyable to those affections
And passions, unto which my Friend's expos'd?

Phila. You may be.

Theo. Why would you so unkindly deal;
To love alone? Speak truly, Do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Phil. No, but unjust, if thou pursue that sight

Theo. Because another first sees the Enemy, shall I
Stand still and never charge?

Phila. Yes, if he be but one.

Theo. What if that one had rather Combat me?

Phila. Let that one tell me so, and use thy freedom;
But otherwise thou art a Monster, black
As Guilt can make thee.

Theo. You are Mad, *Philander*.

Phil. I must be so; till thou art Worthy, *Theocles*?

Theo. Fy Sir, you play the Child extremely, I must
Dare and ought to love her.

Phil. O that now Indulgent Fortune
Wou'd vouchsafe us Swords,
And one hour's freedom, to dispute thy claim.
I'd make thee soon recant it. Put thy head,
Once more without this Window, and I'l nail thy life
To't.

Theo. Alas! your fury threatens, what
You are too Impotent to act, *Philander*.
But put my head out! To advance your rage
I'l cast my body down into her arms,
When next I see her.

Enter

Enter Cunopes.

Cuno. My Errant is to you, Sir.
Theo. To me?
Cuno. The *Provoſt* ſent me for you.
Theo. I am ready.
Phila. But one word, *Theocles*.
Cuno. Sir, take another hour: I have other buſineſs,
Then to waſte time, in minding your diſcourſe.
[*Ex.* Cunopes, *and* Theocles.
Phila. Why, VVas the Meſſage ſent to him alone?
Am I ſo undeſerving to be thought,
Leſs Worthy of the *Provoſt's* Conference?
This is the Palace-Garden, and I've heard
The Princeſs us'd to bleſs it with her preſence,
This ſure was ſhe. O bleſſed Garden and more bleſſed flowers,
That Bloſſom at the Sun-ſhine of her Eyes!
I wiſh I were that blooming *Apricock*,
I would expatiate my Wanton arms,
And be a bold Intruder at her Window
And bring her fruit which ſhould endeare me to her;

Enter Cunopes.

Fruit that might tempt the palats of the Gods.
Now Keeper, where's *Theocles*?
Cunop. Set free,
The General has begg'd his Liberty
Upon condition never to ſet foot
Within *Arcadia*: But as for you
We ſhall be troubl'd ſomewhat longer with you;
I am afraid.
Phil. O *Theocles*, my rage
Converts to envy. Thou haſt Liberty
To make ſome brave attempts, and reinforce
The diſſipated Army. Were I free
I wou'd do things of ſuch Immenſity,
This bluſhing Virgin ſhou'd take Manhood to her,
And ſeek to raviſh me.
Cunop. You are tedious, Sir,
I wou'd deſire leſs of your Tongue, good Sir,
And more of your Ears. I have a charge to you.

Phil. Hast any orders for my death?
Cuno. Not yet Sir,
But I'm in hopes of having it ere long.
I find it troublesome attending you.
My present orders reach no further, Sir
Than to remove you from these Windows: th'are too open.
Phil. 'Curse upon their Envy, prethee do me
The Courtesie to kill me.
Cuno. Yes, and hang for't afterwards. I hope e're long
To have Authority for doing it,
You shall not find me backwards, Sir, to serve you
In any kindness of that Nature.
Phila. Troth, had I a Sword I would kill thee.
Cunop. I thank you.
Phila. Thou bringest such scurvy newes, I will not go.
Cunop. Sir, I shall call those who shall try the Mastery.
You should give better answers till you are free.
Phil. May I see the Garden?
Cunop. No.
Phil. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
Cunop. When I clap Shackles on you, You'll obey
More readily.
Phila. Good Keeper, do it,
I'll knock thy brains out with them: or at least I'll
Shake 'em so, the house shall never sleep.
I'll make you a new Morrice, Must I go?
Cunop. Yes, You must go.
Phil. Farewel kind Window,
May rude Wind never hurt thee. O my Lady,
If ever thou hast known what Sorrows are,
Let dreams my Sorrows to thy breast declare. [*Ex.*

Enter Celania.

Celan. Why shou'd I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds,
Hee'l never find a feature in my face;
To tempt so much as a kind look from him.
But who can love and give a reason for't?
At the first sight I lik'd him, lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him.
And yet he had a Cosin fair as he can make
Yet in my heart *Philander* is; and there,
Lord, What a coyle he keeps? But he must dy.
Philander, thou must dye. For *Thocles*,
Is by my Father set at Liberty.

C Who

Who ſtay'd not to reſolve me of thy fate.
We ſhall not need to ſtrew thy Grave with flowers,
From ſuch a root they cannot chuſe but grow;
Thy body ſhall not into duſt diſſolve,
But into Spices to perfume thoſe Flowers.

Enter Leucippe, *haſtily.*

Leuc. Madam, here's a Comedy at hand
Will make you dye with Laughter. *Cunopes*
Is grown inamour'd on you.
Cela. Ay me, there is no hope!
Leuc. I know that Madam, but he's reſolv'd
To proſecute his love, and I have given him
Encouragement: he'l preſently be here.
Cela, Alas, he's gone.
Leuc. Madam, I ſay, he's here, juſt upon entrance.
Cela. He muſt dye, he is
Too good to live on Earth; for whereſoe're
He does reſide, he makes it fair Heav'n there.
Leuc. I'd rather think he makes it hell, becauſe
He looks ſo like the Devil——but ſhe ſure
Miſunderſtands me. She is taken up
With her affection to *Philander* ——ha——
She's in a Trance. *Cunopes*, Madam, ——ha.
Cela. Ha?
Leuc. Is entring to make Love to me.
Cela, Make Love?
Leuc. Yes truly; he's grown the very farſe,
He layes aſide his ſurly lookes, and falls
To fawning with a ſcrew'd and Mimick face,
As if he had been tutor'd by an Ape.
He ſings, and makes legs to the looking-glaſs:
Is pleas'd with's face, becauſe he ſmiles agen.
Cela. In Love with thee? —— It ſhall be ſo—*Leucippe*,
Thou mayſt procure *Philander*'s Liberty;
Uſe him with kindneſs, Wench; perhaps the man
May be induc'd to be officious
In freeing him I Love, or may reſign
The Keys into thy Cuſtody.
Leuc, I'l try him, Madam.

Enter Cunopes.

Cuno. Madam, I'm glad to underſtand——
Cela. It ſeems your underſtanding is improv'd.
Cuno. Madam, I ſay I'm glad to underſtand
Your Lady-ſhip approves of my affection
To Miſtreſs *Leucippe.*
Cela. There will be uſe of him; he muſt be ſooth'd.
She cannot ſure refuſe a handſom, You have a face
Me-thinks might tempt a Stone. [*Aſide.*
Leuc. To break his head.
Cela. The preſſure of my fears forbid my
Mirth. *Leucippe*, what think you? can you deny him?
Leuc, I ſcarce ſhou'd er'e be angry at his ſmiles.
Cunop. I thank you Madam; 'tis for your ſake [*He ſmears.*
If her looks keep me alive.
Celan. Ile venture it——but yet perhaps he'l ſcarce
Reſign the key's *Leucippe* in my preſence.
I will with-draw a while. *Cunopes*, I'l leave you
To your Courtſhip, wiſhing you ſucceſs. [*Ex. Celania.*
Cuno. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.
Leuc. You cannot ſurely be in love with me,
Though your deportment ſeems to ſay you are.
Cunop. If deportment had ſaid otherwiſe,
I wou'd have made him eat his words.
Leuc. Wherein
Can you convince me that your love is true?
I wou'd loſe a ſmile upon a love
Conſiſting in pretence.
Cuno. Make tryal, Miſtreſs, In what command you pleaſe.
Leuc. True Lovers will
Adventure through the frowns of all the World,
To gain a ſmile from thoſe whom they affect.
Cuno. So would *Cunopes*; if you wou'd but try him:
If you'l but ſmile, let me ſee who dare frown.
Leuc. You ſhall be try'd——I know you prize thoſe keys
And wou'd reſign their Cuſtody to none but one
You Lov'd: Now if your Love be true
Entruſt me with their keeping but till to morrow.
Cunop. The keys? Miſtreſs, you know I have a pris'ner.
Leuc. I knew how real your affection was,
When you'r brought to the Teſt, you run for ſhelter
Under Excuſes. [*offers.*

Cunop. Pray ſtay a while!
Are you in Earneſt to make this Tryal of my Love?
Leuc. Yes, and do you try me with them if you dare.
Cuno. Dare? there take e'm.
Leuc. This ſhew's you'r hearty. Early in the morning
I will reſtore e'm, and be ſatisfy'd
With this Experiment of your affection,
Since I cou'd have no other.
Cuno. But have a care o'th pris'ner. I'l'd be loth
To have thoſe looks your Lady did commend,
Be turn'd into an ugly face at laſt under the Gallows.
Leuc. You begin to repent you.
Cuno. I never repent till I am half hang'd.
Leuc. Well, as the laſt mark of your love be gone and truſt me.
Madam, I have e'm. [*Ex. Cunop.*

Enter Celania.

Celan. Thanks, dear *Leucippe*.
Philander, now Ile manifeſt my Love
In thy Releaſe: Thy glory's are too bright
To ſet in Clouds exhal'd from thy own blood.
Ile free thee from th' Eclipſe of theſe ſad Walls,
And like a ſhadow ever by thee Run,
There's ſtill a ſhadow where there is a Sun. [*Ex. Celania.*

Enter Theocles *as at Liberty.*

Theo. Sent back to my own Country? 'tis a gift
Out-ſpeaks my gratitude; but then for-bid
Th' *Arcadian* ground, and, in that prohibition
The Viſion of *Heraclia*, for whom
I dy? O! 'tis a ſtudy'd puniſhment.
I'm ever loſt by having Liberty,
By kindneſs kill'd, undone by Curteſie.
Philander, thou haſt now the ſtart; ſhe ſtill
Shall bleſs thy Eye-ſight with her Evening Walks.
Who know's but thou maiſt come to ſpeak with her?
And then ſhe will be thine: Thou haſt a Tongue
Fit to allure a Tyger from his prey,
So charming that 'twould make a Tempeſt tame.
But let me recollect my ſelf a little: Ere long
The Birth-dayes of the Princeſs and the Prince
By the *Arcadians* will be ſolemniz'd.

In

In Pastoral delights, Why may not I
Take Sanctuary in another shape?
I could, not long since, wrastle well, and run
As swift as the Wind upon a field of Corn.
Ile venture in some poor disguise; who knows
Whether my brows may not a Garland Wear,
And happiness preferr me to a place,
Where I may see the Vision of her face. [Ex. Thocles.

Enter Celania *with the prison keys and* Philander.

Phila. Madam, from whence can you derive your Courtesie?
Cela. Were I less Courteous, Nature would not own me,
Call't my humanity to save your life. Good Sir,
Begone——These keys shall make your way
Y'are sav'd by flight, but ruin'd if you stay.
Phil. I'd rather Nobly dye, then thus be free,
And give my life than steal my Liberty.
Cela. You'l not be innocent if so you dye,
He kills himself who stayes when he may fly.
Phila. So clandestine and cowardly a flight
Wou'd gather so much blackness from the Night
As soon wou'd blot the Glories I have Won
By Valour, in the prospect of the Sun.
Cela. The Sun you speak of, has with-drawn his light
To give the more advantage to your flight.
He seem'd to say (whilst setting in a Smile)
Philander fly, and I will wink the While.
Phil. You are an ill Interpreter: for he
Onely with-drew as'twere asham'd to see
A Souldier start at Death, and basely fly:
Thus to survive were to deserve to die.
Cela. He's an ill Souldier, that when danger's great,
Loses the day for want of fair Retreat.
Good Sir, consent.
Phil. Suppose I shou'd, when I
Am miss'd, your Father must my place supply;
By giving me a life, you leave him none;
And he that gave you yours must loose his own.
Cela. That makes me weak, but does successless prove,
My Duty has resign'd all place to love.
If they should shorten his decaying breath
'Twill but a little antedate his death.

His

His glories are grown old, yours but begun;
Men Court the rising, not the setting Sun.
Phil. But when he's dead, his blood will still remain
'Pon my fame an everlasting stain.
Cela. If it a stain to any eye appears,
My eyes shall quickly wash it off with Tears.
His death, in saving you, wou'd merit more
Than all his fighting life had done before.
Come Sir, I'm sure he will a pardon find,
The Prince to his late Valour will be kind.
His slaughter'd foes, may save him from the grave;
And those he slew may plead for one I save.
Phil. Her last Conjecture slackens my resolves; [*aside.*
The Prince may pardon him: he cannot be
Severe to him who has deserv'd so well:
But then alas what will become of her?
Cela. My loss is gain,
If you secure from loss of life remain.
Phil. Why shou'd I refuse
To accept her kindness? I may here reside
Under the shelter of some mean disguise
And (if th'are doom'd to death) prevent that fate
By off'ring up my life, I can but dy
At last: I will accept her Courtesie.
Cela. I pray let's go; I shall Sir, if you stay,
Weep out those Eyes that shou'd direct your way.
'Pray follow me: I'l bring you to the door,
And tell you where to stay, whilst I provide
Some habit more convenient for your flight.
Phil. This gen'rous act is stretch'd to an Extent
Beyond the prospect of all president.
Lead on, what makes her thus obliging prove
I hope 'tis pity, but I fear 'tis Love. [*Exeunt.*

The Third Act.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, Provoſt, Heraclia, Cleone, Theocles (*in diſguiſe with a Garland.*)

Arcon. Who e're you are, that Wreath becomes you well,
The beauty of the Garland does receive
Advantage from the bloſſom of your youth;
You Run and Wreſtle well, I have not ſeen
A man of more activity and ſtrength,
What Country owns your breeding?
Theo. Part of this, Sir,
But much unhappy in the diſtance from
Your Royal Court.
Arcon. Are you a Gentleman?
Theo. Sir, I have alwayes thought ſo, and have had
An education as refin'd as I
Preſum'd my blood to be.
Arcon. May I demand wherein?
Theo. In ſomewhat of all Noble qualities;
I could have kept a Hawk and hollow'd well
To a deep Cry of doggs. I dare not praiſe
My Horſe-man-ſhip, yet thoſe who know me well
Gave me a Character I bluſh to own.
But I am moſt ambitious to be thought a Souldier.
Polyn. A moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman.
Prov. What place has wrong'd us by concealing him
In time of warr? ——but in a Cloudy day
We onely View thoſe things which neareſt are,
And diſtant glories when the Weather's fair.
Polyn. What is your Judgment of him, Madam?
Hera. His being young makes him appear more noble,
His VVorth encreaſes by his want of years;
Becauſe new riſen he more bright appears.
Unleſs in him the VVonder's rarely ſeen,
That Fuel clearer burns for being green.
Prov. Mark how his vertue, like a hidden Sun,
Breaks through his baſer Garments.
Arcon. VVhat made you ſeek this place?

Theo.

Theo. Royal Sir;
Hopes to advance my education here,
And perfect quickly what was well begun:
Fruits ripen soonest that are neer the Sun.
Arcon. Sir, we are much indebted to your Travel,
Nor shall you lose your hopes: *Polynices*,
Dispose of this brave Gentleman.
Polyn. Your Highness
Obliges me by that Command. VVho er'e
You are, you are mine; and I'l preferr you
To the Princess Service. This is her Birth-day,
VVhich you have honor'd, and onely one day
Does intervene betwixt her's and the Prince's.
Now you are hers: Your vertues have deserv'd it.
Kiss her fair hand, Sir.
Theo. You are a Noble Giver.
Thus, Madam, let your Servant seal his faith,
VVhose studies shall be to deserve your favour;
And if he shall offend you, frown him dead.
Hera. Frowns are too weak Artillery to kill
So stout a man: if you shall merit well
I quickly shall discern it: you are mine,
And somewhat better than your rank I'l use you.
Arcon. My Birth-day now draws near: we'l spend the time
Till then, in some diversion. Neece, to morrow
You must be ready with the rest, to hunt
In *Dian's* VVood. Your Servant will attend you.
I'm confident he will deserve your Estimation.
Hera. His faithful Service shall not want my favour.
Theo. And when my Service shall unfaithful be,
Let fame recant what she has sed of me,
And may my false-hood be as much reveal'd
To all the VVorld as now my Love's conceal'd. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Leucippe *and* Nurse, Cunopes *dogging e'm.*

Cunop. I'm sent for by the *Provost*, yet I'l stay
To over-hear my Mistres and the Nurse;
For methinks they are in Counsel: and perhaps
'Tis about Love and I may be concern'd.
Leuc. You have left the keys in *Cunopes* Chamber?
Nurse. Yes, Mistres!
Leuc. *Philander* is releas'd, my Lady fled;
And I according to appointment, going

To meet e'm at the Beach in *Dian's-Wood*.

Cunop. Ha! I ſhall pay as dear for Love as thoſe,
VVho marry all to whom they promiſe Marriage.

Leuc. Farewell good *Cunopes*; if thou art hang'd
Thou'lt meet this comfort at the fatal place,
Hanging can never ſpoil ſo bad a face.
Nurſe, farewell.

Nurſe. Farewell, be ſure you make haſt.

[*Ex.* Leuc. *and* Nurſe *ſeverally.*

Cunop. Though ſhe ſaw me not, ſhe took her leave of me
After the old phraſe; farewell, and be hang'd,
Beſides her commendations ſent to my face.
Thoſe have good ſtomacks who can love the meat,
Having been beaten with the Spit: And yet
I cannot hate her. There's ſome VVitch-craft in't.
But let me think. *Philander* free'd! perhaps
The *Provoſt* ſent for me to give accompt
Of him: *Celania* fled? *Leucippe* gone!
The Beach in *Dian's-wood*? I ſhall be hang'd;
But the hangman being no man of quality,
Cannot expect that I ſhould be ſo civil
To ſtay here for him, till he find me.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſs. The *Provoſt* wonders you make no more haſte,
His buſ'neſs is——

Cunop. Yes, yes, I know his buſ'neſs——

Meſs. VVhy don't you bring him word then, how *Philander*
Carries himſelf ſince *Theocles* is gone;
That he may know how to inform the Prince?

Cunop. Bring word how *Philander* carry's himſelf?
I know his meaning well enough; go tell him,
I'l onely ſtep to ſee, and bring him word.

[*Ex.* Meſs.

I muſt be gone——If I can find *Philander*,
I may bring off my ſelf by bringing him
Back hither; but if not, I am out of rope-reach.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Horns in ſeveral places. Noiſe and Hollaing as of people Hunting.

Enter Theocles *in the Wood.*

Theo. I have loſt the Prince and all the Company:
They are all divided. O *Heraclia*!
Sweeter than Spring and all the golden buttons
On her freſh boughs;
How fortunate am I in ſuch a Miſtreſs?
Alas, poor priſ'ner! poor *Philander*!
Thou little dream'ſt of my ſucceſs: thou think'ſt
Thy ſelf more bleſs'd to be near *Heraclia*.
Me thou preſum'ſt moſt wretched, though I'm free;
Becauſe thou think'ſt me in my Country, but
VVer't thou acquainted with my happineſs,
How I enjoy the luſtre of her Eyes,
VVhat paſſion, Coſin, wou'd poſſeſs thee?

Enter Philander *out of a buſh.*

Phila. Traitor Kinſman! thou ſhoud'ſt perceive my
Paſſion, were this hand but owner of a Sword;
And were my ſtrength a little re-inforc'd with one
Meals-meat, Thy wounds ſhou'd ſhew the juſtice of my Love.
I'd ſoon let out the blood which makes us kin,
And prove thee a perfidious Lord, not worth
The name of Villain: Dar'ſt thou call her thine?

Theo. Coſin *Philander*?

Phila. Treacherous *Theocles*?

Theo. I am not conſcious of a Crime that may
Deſerve thoſe attributes with which you now
Defile my fame; and therefore I avoid
Replies in language of ſo courſe a VVeb.
Paſſion tranſports you, Coſin? Pray be pleas'd
To ſhow in noble terms your grief. I am
Ready to Vindicate my love by reaſon,
Or by the Sword of a true Gentleman.

Phila. O that thou durſt!

Theo. Coſin, you know I dare:
I'm confident you wou'd not tamely hear
Another blaſt my valour.

Phil. I confeſs,
I've ſeen your Sword do wonders:
But treachery makes men impotent, and then
They ſhun deciſions by the Sword. Their courage
Droops into fear and Cowardize. Supply me,
But with the Charity of one poor meal,
And with a Sword, though ruſty; And if then
Thou dar'ſt pretend to Love *Heraclia*,
I will forgive the treſpaſs thou haſt done me;
And if thou kill me, I'l acquaint thoſe ſouls
In ſhades (which have dy'd manly) that thou art
A Souldier brave and noble.

Theo. Be content: agen betake you to your hawthorn-houſe.
I'l gratifie your wiſhes: you ſhall have both Sword and meat.

Phil. O you Heavens! Dare any venture ſo nobly in a cauſe ſo guilty?
Sure none but *Theocles* cou'd be ſo daring.
Sir, I imbrace your offer, and ſhall thank
Your perſon with my Sword. [*Wind horns and Cornets.*

Theo. You hear the horns: Enter your Muſe. Take
Comfort and be ſtrong. I'l keep my word: give me your hand.

Phila. Pray hold your promiſe, Coſin *Theocles*,
And do the deed with a bent brow; I know
You love me not: Be rough with me, and pour
This oyl out of your language.

Theo. My anger and content have but one face. [*Horns wind.*
I'm call'd: I have an office there.

Phil. Your office is unjuſt, and your attendance cannot pleaſe Heaven.

Theo. Talk of that no more: leave it to the deciſion of the Sword.

Phil. But this one word. You are going now to gaze
Upon my Miſtreſs; for Sir, mine ſhe is.

Theo. Nay, then———

Phila. You talk of feeding me into my ſtrength;
But you are going to inforce your ſelf
By feeding on her Eyes. There, *Theocles*,
You have advantage over me. Adieu,
My Cauſe gives me advantage over you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Celania.

Celan. He has miſtook the beach, and is purſuing
The way his fancy leads. 'Tis now near morning,
No matter, wou'd it were perpetual night.
Hearк! 'tis a Wolf! but grief deſtroys my fear,
I care not though the Wolves ſhou'd me devour,

If

If he had but this meat, and this disguise,
What if I holla'd for him? I cannot holla!
He has no Sword, and Wolves 'tis said have sense
To know a man unarm'd. Who knows but he
Is torn in pieces. Many howl'd together,
And then they fed on him. So much for that:
There is an end of all, now he is gone.
No, no, I lye; my Fathers life must answer
For his escape. Alas, I grow mad, I've eaten
No meat these two dayes, nor have clos'd my Eyes;
I find my sense unsettl'd. Which way now?
The best way is the next way to the Grave,
Each erring step besides is Torment. Loe!
The Moon is down! the Crickets chirp: The Scritch-Owl
Has bid the night farewell: but my misfortunes
Ner'e will find the break of day. [*Ex.* Cela.

Enter Theocles *with Wine and meat.*

Theo. Sure, this is near the place. Hoe! Cosin *Philander*! [*Enter* Philan.
Phil. Theocles!
Theo. The same; I've perform'd my promise, Sir.
Here is your meat, you shall not want a Sword
When y'have recover'd strength: Come forth and fear not,
Here is no *Provost*.
Phila. Nor any one so honest.
Theo. That shall be
Decided another time. Take courage,
I know you're faint; here, Cosin drink!
Phila. Thou might'st poyson me now.
Theo. But I must fear you first.
Well, Coz, no more of this. Here, to your health,
I'l drink you into blood, and then I'l drain you.
Phila. Do Coz.
Theo. Sit down, Sir, and let me request you that
You mention not this Lady. 'Twill disturb us,
We shall have time enough.
Phila. Well Sir, I'l pledg you.
Theo. Drink a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Phila. By and by, I'l tell you of what operation 'tis.
Theo. Is't not mad lodging in the wild Woods, Cosin?
Phila. For them who have wild Consciences, 'tis.
Theo. How tast's your meat? Your hunger needs no sauce?

Not

Phila. Not much! but if it did, your's is too tart.
Give me more Wine; here *Theocles*, a health
To all the Ladies of our old acquaintance,
Your memory retains the Marshal's daughter?
She knew Sir, how to chuse a handsom man
To make the object of her Love.

Theo. Alas! that's no news, Cosin, amongst Ladies.

Phila. And I have heard some call him *Theocles*.

Theo. What then Sir?

Phila. Nothing, but 'twas conceiv'd
You were so charitable to her sighs,
You turn'd e'm into groans for nine Moneths after.
Because she was enamour'd on your face
You did supply her with your Picture; drawn
Exceeding lively, Cosin.

Theo. I presume you yet remember the young Counts sister.
You'l pledge her, Cosin.

Phila. Yes, Sir, yes.

Theo. She lov'd you well! a pretty Wench! but brown,
As if by often gazing on your eyes
(Which she call'd bright) she had been Sun-burn't.
You have not yet forgot the Song too, Coz;
No, nor the Willows.

Phila. Well, let's have the Song.

Theocles *sings.*

Theo. *Under the Willow shades they were*
Free from the Eye-sight of the Sun,
For no intruding beam could there
Peep through to spy what things were done.
Thus shelter'd they unseen did lye
Surfeiting on each other's Eye.
Defended by the Willow shades alone,
The Sun's heat they defy'd and cool'd their own:
Whilst they did embrace unspy'd
The Conscious willows seem'd to Smile,
That they with privacy supply'd
Holding the door as 'twere the while.

And

And when their dalliances were [illegible]
The willows to oblige'm [illegible]
Bowing did seem to say (as [illegible]
We can supply you with a Cra[illegible]

Phil. You are merry, Cosin?
Theo. I hope we may reflect upon our loves,
And never cry ——— heigh ——— ho.
Phil. 'Twas for *Heraclia* upon my life, away
With thy strain'd mirth; I say that sigh
Was for *Heraclia* breath'd, ignoble Cosin.
Theo. Fy, you are mistaken.
Phil. By all that's good there's no goodness in thee.
Theo. Nay, then I'l leave you: now you are a Child.
Phil. As thou hast made me, Traitor.
Theo. I'l leave you meat, Sir, to recruit you: I'l return
With that shall quiet all, and speak my passion
Much better than my Tongue.
Phil. You mean a Sword.
Theo. Cosin, distrust me not, feed heartily,
I wish you all fair weather in your bush.
May no storm fall out, but what our Swords shall raise.
Farewel, you shall not want for any thing.
Phil. Ha? Sir!
Theo. I'l hear no more. [*Ex.*
Phil. But thou shal't much more feel,
If thou perform thy promise. I will search
Each angle of thy heart to find thy Love,
And mak't a Victime to *Heraclia*,
That heart is fittest for her Sacrifice
Which is already kindl'd at her Eyes. [*Ex.*

Enter Celania (*distracted*) Leucippe.

Leuc. Alas; she's distracted, I have found her, [*Enter* Cunopes.
But she has lost her self; ha, *Cunopes*!
Cunop. Yes, Mistress!
Leuc. I am betray'd.
Cunop. I have made bold to try how you could like
This face, here in the Wood. I will remember
You gave it a good Character at home.
Leuc. I would have rather seen a Satyr,
But rough Words may as soon

Blow

Blow [illegible] these [illegible]
As do[illegible] Cour[illegible] be sooth'd!
Ah C[illegible] things;
You [illegible] attendance
Upo[illegible]
Cu[illegible]!
Leuc. Alas, he[illegible] gone.
Cunop. And mine too [illegible] Complement)
Are gone to bear e'm Company. 'Tis grown
The fashion to be mad and wear plain Heads,
Without the least trimming of Wit. The Prince
By this time's mad with Anger for the loss
Of's Pris'ner; And the *Provost*'s mad with fear,
Lest he should take his turn: I'me almost mad
To think I was a fool in lending you
The Keyes: And, Mistresse, if you have any reason
You'l run mad too. 'Tis fit your Wits should
Wait upon your Ladie's.
Celan. I'm very cold: and all the Stars are out too;
Ev'n all the little Stars which look like spangles:
The Sun has seen my folly; Ah *Philander*!
Ay me! He's in Heav'n, Where am I now?
Leuc. How wildly she discourses.

She Sings.

Celan. --- *For straight my green Gown into Breeches I'le make,*
And my long yellow Locks much shorter I'le take;
Sing Down a down, down a, down a,
Then I'le cut me a Switch, and on that Ride about,
And wander and wander till I find him out,
With a Heigh down, down a, down, down a.

O for a Hawthorn; like a Nightingal
To leane my Breast against, or else I shall sleep like a Topp.
Leuc. Let's follow her and see she injure not her self.
Cunop. I hope she is not so mad yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Countrey-men *and* Women *preparing for the Solemnizing of the* KING'S *Birth-day.*

1. *Countreyman.* Draw up the Company! Where's the *Taberer*?

Tab. Here, Boyes, here. [*Exit. Taberer*

1. *Coun.* You all know how to make your honours.

All. Yes, Yes. [*all make honours.*

1. *Coun.* Sr. Reverence! You make an honour, you sh---
Caſt your ſelves decently into a Body
By a Trace, and turn Boyes thus. [*turns.*

2. *Coun.* And ſweetly we will do't, Neighbours.

1. *Coun.* Where are your Ribbands Maids? Swim with your Bodies.

3. *Coun.* That they may do, they are light enough.

1. *Coun.* Couple then, and ſee what's wanting.
Friend, pray carry your Tail without offence
Or ſcandal to the Ladies; and be ſure
You dance with confidence, without being mov'd:
And when you ſtand ſtill, do it with Judgment.

3. *Coun.* I'le warrant you Is'e not ſtand a ſtep amiſs.

1. *Coun.* You Mr. Maſon, you betray your trade too much.
You dance as if you wear treading of Mortar,
Taberer ſtrike up.

[*He ſtrikes up and* 1. *Countrey man dances a Jigg.*

1. *Coun.* Thou a *Taberer*, thou a Tinker, we as
Well may dance after the tunes of Graſhoppers.

Enter Celan. Cunopes, Leucippe.

Celan. *Sings.*

He deſerv'd much better then ſo
in the Thick-Wood to be loſt,
Where the Nut-trees grew ſo low
as if they had bin nip'd with the Froſt,
O Whither, whither, my Love, doſt thou go?

1. *Coun.* Woman avoid: if it be your vocation to be mad
Pray be mad in ſome more fitting place,
This is no place for Mad-folks.

Cunop. But 'tis for Fools.

1. *Coun.* For though we have Bells here, yet we have no VVhips,
Tho' we are about a Morrice, 'tis no mad Morrice.

Cuno. Who sayes she shan't be mad.

1. *Coun.* That do I Sir, we have business here that does concern
The Prince, matters of state and will not be disturb'd — Sir
I cannot bear with her affronts.

Cuno. Can you bear with that, Sir. [Cuno *strikes him.*

1. *Co.* Sir, I wou'd have you know I con ta' any thing at a mans
Hands, but my Spirit is too bigg to put up the least
Affront offer'd me by a VVoman.

Celania *Sings.*

There were three Fools at Mid-summer run mad
About an Howlet, a quarrel they had,
The one said 'twas an Owle, the other he said nay,
The third said it was a Hawk but the Bells were cut away.

1. *Coun.* VVoman, I say leave thy singing, or I'le give thee a good
Douze i'th Chop.

Cuno. Say you so, Sir. [*strikes him.*

1. *Coun.* Good Sir, command your hands to be more civil; VVhat
Are you mad?

Celan. Give me your Hand.

2. *Coun,* VVhy?

Cela. I can tell your Fortune: You are a Fool, tell ten -- I have
Pos'd him ---- Fa, la, la, la.

1. *Coun.* Come let's go and practice in some other place, the Prince
will else be here e're we are perfect.

Ex. Country Men and Women.

Celan. VVell; I'le go seek *Philander*, I shall finde him
Under some Primrose: I am thirsty. Fetch
A Glass of milk stript from the pretty duggs
Of some Milch Lady-Cow.

Lady-Cow, Lady-Cow quick, go flee
And tell me now where my True Love shall be.

Leuc. Let us keep close to her, good *Cunopes.* *Exeunt*

Exeun.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, Provoſt, Heraclia *and Attendants.*

Arcon. They have found a pretty place within the Wood
For the Solemnity: Methinks, *Heraclia*, y'are melancholy.
Hera. Sir, I cannot chuſe,
But bear a part in the good *Provoſt*'s cares;
And mingle Tears with him: he mourns you ſee
For his dear daughter's loſs, poor Lady!
Good Sir, cheer the *Provoſt* up.
Arcon. Provoſt, take comfort;
Your daughter's not irreparably loſt,
Nor yet the priſ'ner: wee'l ſend out to find o'm.
Prov. My grief, Sir, will but diſcompoſe your joys;
Pray let your Highneſs now permit my abſence.
Arcon. You will receive ſome eaſe by ſtaying here.
Prov. I ſhall not ſee for Tears: Let me Retire
Into ſome ſolitary place alone,
To bleſs your Birth-day, and to curſe my own.
Arcon. You have leave, *Provoſt*. But I hope er'e long,
Your daughter's preſence will dry up thoſe Tears.
Polyn. Good man! how has her loſs dejected him?
Methinks his face too much reſembles Death.
Each Character of Age does ſeem a Grave.
Hera. Now I lament that er'e I try'd *Celania*,
By telling her, *Philander* was to dye.
Polyn. Madam, you ſhould ſuſpend your grief a while,
Cuſtom ſometimes muſt Nature over-rule.
Think now not on *Celania*: but reflect
On this Solemnity, and entertain
The Birth-day of the Prince, with thoughts that are
Of a ſerene Complexion——See, they are comming

Enter firſt Country-man *as Maſter of the Revels.*

Arcon. This ſeems to be the Country Poet. What
Repreſent you firſt?

1 Coun. *We repreſent a Morrice for the firſt thing,*
Whoſe Contrements hang heavy on my purſe-ſtring,

Tho' lightly on the hobby-horse and dancers,
He learnt to VVigby, and the rest to prance-Sirs.
They are all so skittish, that when you behold e'm,
You may e'n swear the hobby-horse has fold e'm.

Arcon. Are they ready?

1. Coun. *Th'are entering and (to shew I do not bob ye)*
The Horse comes first here which is call'd the Hobby. [enter Hobby-Horse
Some with long Spoons (quoth Proverb stale and addle)
Eate with the Devil; this Sir has a Ladle. [Enter Tab.
Next comes the man with Taber, which by some
Among the Pygmies was cal'd a Drum. [Enter all.
Then with the rest comes in that ugly Carrion
VVhich Countrey Batchelours do call Maid-Marrion.
[They dance the Morrice here.

Arcon. You have your thanks for this, What is your next?

1. Coun. *The next Sir, if your Grace will be contented,*
A Hunt in Musick will be represented.
If that your Highness VVorship think it good
To saunter but a little in the VVood.
Good Sir, be pleas'd to raise your self and go forth
To hear the Horns, then see the Hunt, and so forth.

Arcon Since you are Master of the Hunt, we'l take
Our stand, where you appoint us: lead the way.
We'le change the Scene a while to see your Sports:
Princes for pleasure may remove their Courts. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The

The Fourth Act.

Enter Arcon, Polyn. Herac. *Attendants and* Countrey-Poet.

Poet. *Let man of might ſit down in dainty Arbor,*
Where trees are trim'd as Perriwig is by Barbor;
And Huntſmen ſoon ſhall come with Horns call'd bugle
which are but few, becauſe we will be frugle. [Ex. Poet.

Arcon. Well! we will be directed:
This VVood has various places of delight,
It can afford both privacy and pleaſure.
The Call begins----

Enter two *Forreſters.* { The Call at diſtance repreſenting the ſound of Horns by Inſtrumental Muſick.

1. Forr. *Heark, heark! the Call! at diſtance it appears*
So gently that it ſoftly courts our Ears.
whilſt Echo newly waken'd with the noiſe
Does drowſily reverberate the Voice. [The call agen louder.
2. Forr. *Now 'tis come nearer, and does reach the Sky:*
Objects grow greater by their being nigh.
1. Forr. *Woods tremble with the Wind, as if they were*
For ſome of their Inhabitants in fear.
2. Forr. *For one of them, they well may fearful ſeem,*
For I my ſelf did help to harbour him.
1. Forr. *If ſo, you can with eaſe inform me then,*
Of what head is he?
2. Forr. *A brave Hart of ten.*
1. Forr. *But do his Port and Entry's promiſe Game?*
2. Forr. *That both his Slote and Fumers do proclaim.* { A ſingle Recheat winded.

1. Forr.

1. Forr. *Hearke! the Rechet! the Stagg now quits his lair,*
And sprightly bounds into the open Air.

Musick expresses the Chase by Voices and Instruments like hollaing and winding of Horns.

2. Forr. *Now, now the Dogs in a full Cry pursue*
The Hart as fast as he does them eschew,
Whilst they with hollow mouths, portel his fall;
And in a consort Chime his Funeral.
Prethee let's take our stand here.
1. Forr. *No; they are at a loss, let's to e'm——* [Exeunt.

Enter *Huntress.* { Hollaing and shouting within.

Huntr. *The Dogs when at a loss their Voice suppress'd,*
And by that silence soon their fault confess'd,
Most of e'm were Stanch-Hounds; and it is strange,
They made a loss which never hunted change:
But now th'ave got the Game again in view,
And do with violence the Chase renew;
Now, now, the Stag is more in danger far
Of sinking soon. Relapses fatal are.
[Huntsmen within] *There, there, there, there, there, ho, ho.*
Huntr. *Hearke! hearke! The noise is now more lively grown,*
Their Clamour shews the Stag is plucking down.
He sinks, he sinks: their Voice proclaim his fall,
As Thunder speaks a Monarch's Funeral.

{ A Noise of Dogs, representing the Death of the Stag.

Enter two *Forresters*, four *Hunters* and Four *Huntresses* with the Stagg's head.

1. Forr. *They have made both Essayes.*
2. Forr. *A brave fat Dear.*
1. Huntr. *See the Stag's head which so did spread his Beame,*
The small trees did seem to envy him.

1. Forr.

1.Forr. *VVhen the Relayes were set of Hound and Horse,*
2.Forr. *VVe all resolv'd to Hunt it out at force.*
1.Hunt. *VVhen first we rouz'd him, and he fled, the wind*
VVas with the Doggs left equally behind.
1.Forr. *But when the Game their following sight out-went,*
The Doggs pursu'd him hotly by the scent.
2.Forr. *Then weary'd, to a Bay he quickly fell;*
And in a Groan his Tragedy did tell.
1.Forr. *Nature with Musick did that Groan out-vy,*
A quire of Birds did sing his Obsequie.

Chorus That Chorus was (for fear they should
Forget their melting strain)
Taught by the Eccho's of the Wood
To sing it o're again.

Poet. *Now for our Dance, wherein we have no small-hope,*
Because it does both Amble, Trot and Gallop.

A Dance.

Hera. This entertainment's parcel-gilt, made up
Of various Diversion.
Polyn. We have had a Countrey Muse, who
Has set up with the help of a Town Poet.
Arcon. Since all is done, 'tis time we shou'd retire;
Polynices reward him, we'l away;
We must not keep too long a Holy-day. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Celania, Leucippe *and* Conoges.

Celan. Heark! heark, The Grass-Hoppers --- *Philander*, gone,
Gone to the Wood to gather Mulberies, I'le finde
Him out to morrow.
Leuc. Alas! how shall we do to get her home?

Celan.

Celania *Sings.*

The Heifer was lost in the Green-wood
In the Green-wood, in the Green-wood
where she had gone astray.
By a bank of Straw-berryes She stood
Lowing till break of day.
Then did the Straw-berryes upon her smile
And sweetly seem'd to beg for Cream the while.

Cela. Is not this a fine Song?
Leuc. O, a very fine one.
Cunop. So fine I'm sure it sets my Mouth a Water.
Celan. I can sing twenty more.
Leuc. I think you can.
Celan. Yes truly can I. Are you not a Taylor?
Cunop. A Taylor, Madam! Troth I think I am none,
Because I eat so little bread: I'm sure
I have not touch'd a bit these two dayes.
Leuc. Fy! You must humour her! Say you are a Taylor.
Cunop. Must I then lye to call my self a Thief?
Well, Madam, I am a Taylor.
Celan. Where's my Wedding gown?
Cunop. I'le bring it home to Morrow.
Celan. Do! very early! I must be abroad else.
To call the Maids and pay the Musick too;
'Twill never thrive else: but suppose *Philander*
Is taken, he must dy then.

She Sings.

And when Philander *shall be dead,*
I'le bury him, I'le bury him,
And I'le bury him in a Primrose-bed:
Then I'le sweetly ring his Knel
With a pretty Cowslip-Bell.
Bing, ding, &c.

D'ye know *Philander?*

Cunop.

Cunop. Know him! Yes, yes,
Wou'd I cou'd see him, that I might renew
My old acquaintance with him.
Celan. Is't not a fine Young Gentleman?
Cunop. Too fine it seems to bear me Company?
Leucip. By no means Cross her; She'l be then distemper'd
Far worse then now She seems.
Celan. You have a Sister?
Cunop. Yes, and a handsom one; of my Complexion.
Celan. Many are now with Child by him; yet I
Keep close as any Cockle. All are Boys,
And must be Eunuch'd for Musicians,
To sing the Battles of the King of *Pigmies*:
They say he lately conquer'd all the Cranes:
And took e'm pris'ners with his Lime-twigs.
Cuno. 'Tis very strange!
Celan. As ere you heard: but say nothing.
Come hither---- You are a wise man.
Cuno. So, so, Madam. I have a spice of Policy:
But yet I fear, I hardly shall be made
A privy-Councellour, because I let
Philander 'scape.
Celan. And are not you the Master of a Ship?
Cunop. Yes! here's the Vessel! 'tis a man of War. [*Views himself*
Only it wants due stowage. I am hungry,
My Guts are grown Artillery, and roare
Like Cannons.
Celan. Set your Compass to the North
And steer towards *Philander*.

See how the Dolphins *caper there,*
The Fish keep Holy-day.
They dance Coranto's in the Air,
And thus they shoot away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philander, (*as from a Bush.*
Philan. I did not think so little time could have
Restor'd a health so much decay'd: Methinks,
I am stronger then I was before, and long
Till we incounter, as if Valours heat
Grew (like a feavers) greater by a Meale.
Cosin thou hast built a Buttress, to Support
My falling Fabrick, and to crush thy own.

My thrist's allay'd ; but, *Theocles*, thy blood
Must quench the draught rais'd by the heat of Love !
——— He promis'd to come double Sworded. That
Which he refuses I will kill him with.
One of us with this Ev'ning sun must set.

Enter Theocles *with Two Swords.*

Theo. How d'ye Sir ?
Philan. A little stomack sick ;
But opening of a Vein in you will cure me.
Theo. Be your own Surgeon ; here are Instruments.
Phil. I've given you to great a trouble Sir,
Theo. 'Tis but a debt to Honour and my duty.
Philan. I wish you would so well consult your Honour,
In your affection as your enmity,
Then my Embraces not my blows should thank you.
Theo. Either well done is a brave recompence.
Philan. I shall not be behind hand with the payment.
Theo. These soft defyances oblige me Sir,
When I am wounded, some such words as these
Will fall like Oyle into my Wounds, and cure e'm,
But for your rougher terms they are like bullets
Chawl'd into poison : Let our Language be
Serene, and if a Tempest must be seen
Let our Swords shew it : here I have brought you one,
But if you feel your self not fitting yet,
I'le stay till you recover health.
Phil. Cosin ! thou art so brave an Enemy,
That none is fit to kill thee but a Kinsman ;
I'm well and lusty : Choose your Sword, I have
Advantage of you in my Cause.
Theo. Choose you Sir !
Phil. Wilt thou exceed in all ? Or dost thou do it,
To make me spare thee ?
Theo. If you think so Cozen,
You are deceiv'd, for I shall not spare you.
Phila. That's well said ; this is mine then ;
And be sure I shall strike home.
Theo. I'le give you cause enough ! Is there ought else to say ?
Phila. This only, and no more Sir : If there be
A place prepar'd for those who sleep in Honour,
I wish his weary Soul, who falls, may have it,
Whilst the Survivor does enjoy the pleasure,

Of

Of an unrivall'd Love: Give me your hand.

Theo. *Philander* here! This hand shall neve more
Come near you with such Friendship.

Phila. Once more stand off.

Theo. Hark Cosin! Hark! Our folly has undon us.

Phila. Why?

Theo. The Prince's returning from the Celebration
Of his Nativity. Dear Sir retreat
Into your Bush agen: if you are seen
You perish instantly, for breaking Prison.
And I (if you reveal me) for contempt of
The Prince's Order.

Phila. I'le no more be hidden; I know your cunning and I know
Your Cause I'le not refer this great adventure
To a Second Tryal. Stand upon your Guard.

Theo. You are not Mad?

Phila. Let what will Threaten me; The beauty of *Heraclia*
Makes me scorn the frowns of Fortune——for *Heraclia.*

Theo. Then come, what may come, you shall see I can as well Fight
As talk! only I fear the Law will have the honour of our
Ends——*Philander*——at thy Life!

Phila. Guard well thy own.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, Heraclia,
Attendants and Guards.

Arcon. What insolent and Unadvis'd Men
Are these, which here attempt each other's life
Against the tenour of my Laws? you both
Deserve to dye for striving thus to kill each other?

Phila. I know it Sir, we are both
Contemners of your Mercy! I'm *Philander*
Who broke your Prison. This is *Theocles.*

Arcon. Ha!

Phila. A bolder Traitor never trod your ground.

Polyn. Alas? I have been generous in vain.

Phil. 'Tis he contemns you, and in this disguise
Forgetting your command attends that Lady,
Whose Servant (if there be a right in seeing
And first bequeathing of the Soul) I am:
Yet he dares think her his, which treachery
I call'd him here to answer. If you e're
Deserv'd the Attributes of great and just,

they fight: Horns within, they stop.

Bid us to fight agen: and you shall seen
Such Justice as you'l envy; then you may
Deveit me of my life; I'le wooe ye'to it.

Herac. What Miracle is this? Both fight for me?

Arcon. You are a bold defyer of your Fate.

Theo. Your breath of Mercy Sir, I shall not Court,
I can as resolutely dy as you command it;
Only let me say I am no Traitor, Tho *Philander*
Calls me so; Unless my Love be Treason. Then indeed
I'm the greatest Traitor, and am proud on's:
If you aske why I slighted your command,
Ask why I love; and why that Ladie's Fair?

Herac. Can both be kindl'd into Love by me?
And Love inflame e'm into so much hate: *Aside.*

Phila. Monarch! as you are just shew us no Mercy:
Let us expire together, only Sir
Let *Theocles* a while before me fall
That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.

Arcon. Your wish is granted, he offended most,
And first shall dye: nor shall you long survive him.
Polynices, secure them till the Morning,
Then they shall wake to sleep for ever.

Polyn. Good Sir be pleas'd to moderate their doom.

Arcon. You supplicate in vain, convey e'm hence.

Polyn. I shall obey you Sir, But Heaven can tell
With what reluctancy: Now Madam you must
Intercede for e'm, or else your face
Wherein the World reads Beauty yet will be
With Curses blotted of succeeding Youth,
For these lost Gentlemen. *Ex. Polyn. Philan. Theocles.*

Hera. My Face is guiltless of their ruine; but
The Misadventure of their own Eyes kills e'm,
Yet I have pity and will plead for e'm.
Good Sir, retract your Sentence, if they fall
Vertue will suffer in e'm.

Arcon. Why should you intercede, if they survive,
The publick danger will be kept alive.
I'm sorry Neice they love you!

Hera. 'Tis their Fate,
Can Love to me deserve my Uncles hate? I
Should they for loving me untimely fall
Tho' now *Heraclia* they may gentle call,
Their Groanes will Speak me Cruel at the last,
And every Sigh my reputation blast.

Arcon.

Arcon. Suppoſe I ſhould permit e'm both to live,
'Twould but a little time their death reprieve:
They'ld love you ſtill and loving you would Fight,
Rivals affections do to death Excite,
Whilſt they Survive they will foment that Fire
Which in their Aſhes quickly would Expire.

Hera. But when that Flame Sir with their Aſhes dyes,
Another Flame will from my Beauty riſe;
And that which Kindl'd their unhappy-Love,
To other's hate will Provocation prove;
Their death's will make me loath'd; my honour ſhall
Contract a blackneſs from their Funeral.

Arcon. Since with ſuch Violence you intercede,
One ſhall find pardon, though th'other bleed,
Your breath ſhall have the Liberty to ſave
One, and condemn the other to the Grave.

Hera. The Death of one alone then ſhall ſuffice,
'Ile make him the Survivors Sacrifice.
The Noble *Theocles* ſhall live ——— but Why?
Philander is as much too good to dy:
Diſtracted thus I know not which to chooſe,
One I would ſave, but not the other looſe:
May not both live?

Arcon. Not in regard of them,
But for your ſake, I do not both condemn,
You cannot Marry both, and when I ſave
But one, You can no more from *Hymen* Crave;
By Love's great Law you can but one Enjoy:
Him you muſt quickly chooſe or both deſtroy. [*Exit Arcon.*

Hera. VVith riged honour, gentle pitty joyn'd
To plead for thoſe whom he to death deſign'd,
He thinks I ſpake from principles of Love
Now both of e'm I from my thoughts remove.
He told me I by one ſhould be enjoy'd
VVhich partial Fortune that I may avoyd,
'Ile Equally permit e'm both to dye,
That ſo I may do neither Injury. [*Ex. Princeſs.*

The

The Fifth Act.

Enter Meſſenger *and* Nurſe.

Nurſe. How Sir? Did *Cunopes* aſſiſt you then
To bring my Lady back?
Meſſen. Yes, but he ſtood a long time in Suſpence,
And ſcarce would have return'd, had not two men
(Who croſs'd the way in haſt) acquainted us
That not far off the Prince had in the Wood
Surpriz'd *Philander* fighting with his Coſin.
Nurſe. Alas! Poor Gentleman.
Meſſ. This newes made him hope,
He might be pardon'd, then he aſſum'd Courage
And with *Leucippe's* help we have brought home
Celania, though diſtracted.
Nurſe. Bleſſing on your heart.
We have ſome hopes ſhe ſoon will be recover'd,
The Prince's Phiſitian gives the *Provoſt* Comfort,
He ſayes *Philander's* and her want
Of ſleep caus'd her diſtemper: He preſcrib'd
A Cordial, which by this time ſhe has taken
To force her to a ſlumber.
Meſſ. They are entring.
Nurſe. I dare not ſtay to ſee her! 'Las poor Lady:
I cannot look upon her without weeping. [*Ex. Nurſe.*

Enter Provoſt, Celania, Leucippe *and* Cunopes.

Prov. O! May the Cordial rectify her Sences,
Or mine will Elſe unſettle, I ſhall grow
Diſtracted with her Madneſs: as if Reaſon
Might be infected, like related blood.
Celun. Have you ſeen the crop'd Horſe *Philander* gave me?
Cuno. A Horſe? Yes, yes? I thank him too, he did
His good-will to beſtow a Horſe on me,
A wooden one that muſt be rid forſooth
With a Halter inſtead of a Bridle.

Celia.

Celia. He's a fine Horſe, you never ſaw him dance?
Lens. No Madam!
Meſſ. Alas poor Lady!
Cela. He'l dance the Morrice Twenty Mile an hour,
And that will founder the beſt Hobby-horſe in
Arcadia: he gallops to the Tune of Green-ſleeves,
VVhat think you of him?
Cuno. Having theſe Vertues
I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.
Cela. Alas that's nothing.
Cuno. Can he write and read too?
O Yes, a fair hand, and caſts himſelf
Th'account of all his hay and Provender,
That Hoſtler that does Cozen him muſt riſe betimes.
Cuno. This Horſe has ſo much reaſon, I believe
The *Trojan*-Horſe begot him whilſt he had
So many Men in's belly.
Cela. The Prince's Cheſt-nut Mare's in love with him?
Cuno. VVhat Portion has ſhe?
Cela. Two hundred bottles of Hay, and twenty Strike
Of Oates: He liſps in his Neighing too, and that entic'd
Her firſt: but he'l ne'r have her.
How far is't to the VVorlds end?
Cunop. That's a hard queſtion. Had *Philander* ne'r bin found,
Agen, I might within theſe two-dayes
Have bin ſo much a Traveller as to reſolve her,
But as things ſtand, ſhe may know beſt her ſelf.
For She's the next dore to't; at her wits end.
Cela. I muſt go to the VVorlds end, and muſt meet
Philander there, we ſhall be ferry'd o're
Into the ſhades where bleſſed Spirits walk
To gather Noſe-gayes, and ſometimes to play
At barley-break.
Meſſ. How prettily her Fancy Wanders?
Cela. They lead a ſore life in the other Place,
Burning, Frying, Boyling, Hiſſing, Curſing,
There ſome are put in Cauldrons full of Lead,
And Uſurer's greaſe amongſt a Million
Of Cutpurſes, and there boyle like a Gammon
Of Bacon that will never be enough.
Prov. Alas, will the Cordial never Work?
Cela. O 'Tis fine ſport to hear a Citty VViſe
And a proud Lady howle together there:

One Cryes out! O! this Smoke! th'other this Fire!
One Curses the day-bed and Garden-walks,
The other all her Husbands Customers.
But in the other place we dance and Sing.

Here she Sings.

My lodging it is on the Cold ground,
and very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me most, is
the unkindness of my dear,
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
and I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that I long for,
and alack what remedy.

I'l Crown thee with a Garland of straw then,
and I'le Marry thee with a Rush ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
and merrily we will Sing,
O turn to me my dear Love,
and prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone canst
procure my Liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
and be deaf to my pittyful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
and tumble in straw alone,
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
and I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone art
the cause of my misery.

[That done, she lies down and fals a sleep.

Provost { At last it has prevail'd——
Sayer. ——Oh in Mercy Heaven to day,
Restore her Senses or take mine away. [*Exeunt bearing* Celania *out.*

Enter.

Enter Arcon.

Arcon. My Neice whilst she refuses to disclose
Which she affects, does both to death expose,
But I've contriv'd a means to end the strife,
And saving one, destroy the others life.
If by her Love their fate cannot be known,
It shall be soon discover'd by their own;
I've sent to try their Honour and their Love,
He who possesses most of both, shall prove
His own absolver, and who ever shall
Merit the least will best deserve to fall.

Enter Heraclia.

Hera. Though I was once resolv'd to let e'm dye,
The Princes temper I agen will try.
I then for neither any pitty felt,
But now I find that resolution melt.
For one of e'm I needs must intercede,
Yet for the other I alike shou'd plead.
Arcon. She comes! I'le try her! Welcom my fair Neice,
Come you to bring *Philander* a Release
Or *Theocles*! Which chuse you?
Hera. Sir, I come
To Implore that you would mitigate their Doom.
Arcon. My Justice and my Mercy in me strive,
Both to destroy and both to keep alive.
Hera. Both to destroy would look like Cruelty.
Arcon. In saving both I should too Gentle be.
Hera. I'm disoblig'd if you take eithers life,
Because their Love to me begot their strife. [*Aside.*
Arcon. This Intercession must proceed from Love.
Else so importunate she could not prove.
Yet then methinks, she but for one should sue,
Affection never hovers betwixt two,
I'le try which way her Inclination lye,
If either she affects the other dyes.
Hera. Why are you silent Sir? your mercy may
Be shown without consulting or delay.
Arcon. My Justice bids me neither to respect,
But when I do on *Theocles* reflect,
My Justice into Mercy does relent,
To save him I could easily consent.

Hera. Have you forgot *Philander*'s manly lookes,
And with what Courage he misfortune brookes?
Valour enthron'd upon his brow does sit,
Commanding pitty yet disdaining it;
So brave a Spirit who could not forgive!
By scorning Life he more deserves to live.
Arcon. Pardon should to entreating looks be shown;
Philander's Face presents us threats alone.
He has no winning Feature to allure,
He has wherewith to kill but not to cure.
Hera. Though killing frowns sit on his fore-head now,
He when he pleases can unbend his brow;
And then his Face which did appear e're while
All overcast; cleares up into a smile.
His Face would make a VVinter and a Spring,
What his frowns nipt, his smiles to life would bring.
Arcon. Now I'm a little satisfi'd, I know [*Aside.*
On whom my Justice rightly to bestow;
Poor satisfaction made of Grief and Joy
To be instructed whom I may destroy.
Heraclia! I must needs approve your choice,
Philander highly does deserve your Voice. [*Starts.*
Hera. How Sir?
Arcon. His sadness does become him well,
Pleasure does in his graver Aspects dwell.
Theocles then must dye.
Hera. Theocles dye?
The man whom you but now extoll'd so high?
Your voice exhalts his worth before he dyes,
As beasts are garnisht for a Sacrifice:
How can you Sir, brave *Theocles* conceive,
Too good to dye, and yet too bad to live.
Arcon. My Commendations only were design'd
To try which way your Fancies was inclin'd;
And since you do *Philander*'s worth approve,
Straight *Theocles* must yeild his Life and Love.
Hera. Shall his bright glories in their East decline,
And must they set before they fully shine?
Arcon. Now my destraction's greater then before, [*Aside.*
Hoping to make it less I've made it more;
Her Fancy's at a loss, and knows not whom
To choose: 'Tis like a gazing Child become:
Which when two toyes alike do please his eye,
Cannot distinguish but for both does cry.

Yet

Yet she shall see her Rival-Lovers try'd,
Her kindness through some blush may be descry'd.
Polymicis] How find you them inclin'd?

Enter Polynices, Philander, Theocles *and Guards.*

Polyn. Your Trial Sir will best disclose their mind:
According to your orders here they are:
Both alike hope, and both alike despair.
Arcon. The strange affection which in both I see,
I can admire, but cannot remedy;
Both Love her whom you both cannot possess,
Whilst neither more affects, and neither less.
Both being kindl'd with such equal fires,
Each to the other's prejudice conspires,
Theocles makes *Philander*'s hope in vain,
VVho equally does *Theocles* restrain;
My resolution staggers into doubt,
Polyn. The hand of Fortune may perhaps find out
The most deserving, and whom Fates decree
To be most happy they by Lottery
May so reveal as may your doubts remove,
Blind chance oft guides in blind intrignes of Love.
Arcon. Are you content that Fortune shall decide
This intricate dispute.
Phil. I'le not be try'd
By chance, Fortune has cruel been to me,
VVhich makes me now defie her Courtesie.
Sir, I have felt her Injuries so long,
That I presume in this she'd do me wrong;
I have so long contemn'd her frowning Brow,
That for a smile I scorn to Court her now.
Hera. Bravely resolv'd.
Arcon. But, *Theocles*, do you
Refuse to trust your Cause with Fortune too?
Theo. This Ladies beauty, and the Judge assign'd,
Both inconsistent are,
VVhy should a Judge so altogether blind
Bestow a prize so fair.
Phila. VVe scorn the hands of Fortune, and alone
Request we may decide it with our own;
Let's fight it out.——
Theo. The Sword must end the strife, and the same Bell
Ring one his VVedding and the other's Knell.

Arcon. Neither does to his Rivalyes give plots,
Nor any Index in *Heraelia's* Face
Does yet discover which she does affect;
She knows not which to chuse nor to reject.
VVill you then both remit it to her choice,
And either be contented if her voice
Elect the other, calmly to resign
His Title.

Phila. Calmly, Sir? If she incline
To *Theocles* then let her bid me dye,
And willingly I'le on her voice rely,
Let the same Breath bless him, and me destroy,
'Tis not so much to live as to enjoy.

Polyn. 'Tis bravely spoken!

Hera. His last charming Breath
H'as almost won my Love by courting Death.

Arcon. His words have mov'd her, in her Face I find
She quickly to *Philander* will be kind.
But what sayes *Theocles*?

Theo. I only crave,
That if she bless *Philander* with her Bed,
She wou'd in pitty bless me with the Grave.
VVhy should I live after my hopes are dead?
If her enliv'ning smile his Love shall Crown,
I beg the mercy of some killing frown.
Let her Eyes lighten and destroy me so,
I shall be happy in the shades below:
VVhere in some mellancholly *Cypress* Grove,
Transform'd into a Ghost I'le alwayes Love,
As well as Ghosts may do, for there I will
Be blest in Courting her Idea still.

Hera. I'me lost agen -----

Arcon. Ha! she's concern'd! it was an Error then
To think she lov'd *Philander*, yet I'le make
Some farther trial, least I should mistake.
Go call in the men.

Polyn. Royal Sir I shall. ---- [*Ex.* Polyn.

Hera. What can these be whom he in hast does call?
One of my Servants? VVhat can they design
By introducing any man of mine?

Enter Polynices *with two men.*

Polyn. VVhat is't that you of *Theocles* can say?

1. *Man.*

1. *Man.* That he diſguis'd himſelf in mean array
To be admitted in the Princeſs Train,
Hoping an opportunity to gain
Of ſingling out her perſon, when ſhe ſhou'd
Be hunting next within *Diana*'s Wood.
Having reſolv'd firſt do convey her hence,
Then to aſſault that Love by violence:
Which by his courtſhip he might well deſpair of gaining.
Phil. Theſe thy black aſperſions are
As falſe as *Theocles* to honour true.
He offer violence? O! Heavens can you
Permit this Blaſphemy? can you endure
To ſee ſo black a cloud his worth obſcure?
Which wou'd (but that he does unjuſtly Love)
So bright appear, as wou'd all envy move.
Arcon. Can you be guilty Sir of this attempt?
Theo. Sir. ----
Phil. From ſuch deſigns I'me ſure he is exempt.
Arcon. Will you your Rival vindicate?
Phila. I muſt; elſe to his honour I ſhou'd be unjuſt.
Theo. Couſin you are too Civil.
Hera. Methinks I ſee
The brightneſs of *Philander*'s Worth increaſe,
Whilſt he would clear the worth of *Theocles*.
Now my reſpects more evident will grow:
The World *Philander*'s equal cannot ſhow.
Arcon. I ſee ſhe fixes on *Philander*; yet
I'le try her ſomewhat further. Friend, repeat
What of *Philander* you but now confeſs'd.
2. *Man.* *Philander* Sir deſerves not to be bleſs'd
With ſuch a Lady.
Phila. Villain? ----.
Arcon. Calm your rage.
And let your reaſon paſſion now aſſwage,
Till you have heard him out: let him proceed.
2. *Man.* His Glory's are all ſully'd by a deed
As black as ſhe is fair: for he has ſhown
A Cowardiſe, which he will bluſh to own.
Theo. Detracting Villaine, could *Philander* fly
Each motion of his Sword gives thee the lye,
With whoſe lightning took perhaps thy ſight away,
As Bats and Owls are dazl'd with the day:
That Sword which brandiſh'd made all others quake,
Blinded thy Eye-ſight into this Miſtake.

Polyn.

Polyn. How equally theſe Miracles of men do
Share in Honour? ——————

Hera. I'm loſt agen!
O *Theocles*, a parallel to thee
Can be produc'd by no Chronology.

Arcon. Ha! my Confuſion then muſt ſtill remain;
My Tryals do but more deſtraction gain.
They are equally deſerving and belov'd,
——But if perhaps *Philander* were remov'd
On *Theocles*, She then may fix her mind,
VVhich unconſtant now, and unconfin'd.
Polynices! Convey *Philander* hence.

Phil. VVherein have I committed more offence
Then *Theocles*, that I no longer may
Have equal Happineſs by equal ſtay?

Polyn. Stand not diſputing Sir, you muſt away. [*Ex.* Polin. *with* Phil.

Enter Provoſt, Celan. Leu. Cunopes, *at another door.*

Arcon. Provoſt, you are welcom. 'Tis ſome joy to me
That ſuch fair VVeather in your face I ſee.

Prov. If I appear ſerener then before,
It is becauſe kind Fortune does reſtore
My long loſt daughter to me, and to her
Thoſe wandring Senſes which diſtracted were.

Hera. I heard ſhe was return'd, but that which you
Relate of her diſtraction never knew.

Celan. You have falſely ſed
That I ſhou'd find *Philander* here: He's dead,
Ay me he's walking in ſome pleaſant ſhade
Amongſt the Ghoſts, ſinging the ſongs he made
Concerning Love.

Prov. O VVhere's *Philander* Sir?
She will relapſe agen, if we defer
To bring her to him.

Arcon. Some of you make haſt,
To bring *Philander* back. [*Ex. for* Philander.

Cela. Now does he through each pleaſant meddow go,
And then he walks through all the Groves below,
VVhere when his Eyes ſhine brightly through the Glades,
The Ghoſts may walk in Groves, but not in ſhades.

Prov. His ſpeedy preſence muſt her ſence reſtore,
Or it will farther wander then before.

Enter

Enter Polynices, Philander, *and Guards.*

Cela. Ha! Can *Philander* yet be living, no?
He's not above, but I am sure below.
Amongst the blessed Spirits and at most,
I do but now behold *Philanders* Ghost.
Alas, why fly you Sir? Can Ghosts be coy?
Or is't because none can Ghosts enjoy.
Hera. I see;
Except *Philander* there's no remedy.
Celan. I'le follow you through every Mirtle grove,
Through all the thickest Labyrinths of Love,
As shaddows always with the Substance move.
Phil. Madam——
Hera. Clania I have done you Wrong,
And have suffer'd by my fault too long.
Arcon. Now I'm well instructed to proceed:
I see to whom *Heraclia* is decreed,
The Controversy I shall soon decide,
Both now shall live and both be gratify'd;
Here *Theocles*? on you I will bestow.
Heraclia!
Phil. Ha!
Theo. Will she her self say so?
Hera. Celania to *Philanders* Love does lay
So great a Claim that I must needs obey;
Sir, you have my Consent. I cannot defer
To give my self least I should injure her.
Theo. Then I am happy made to that degree,
That the most Fortunate should envy me.
Phil. Must I be to *Heraclia* lost?
Arcon. You must,
Else to *Celania* you will be unjust.
Hera. I weep when I your obstinacy see,
And Sigh when I remember her. Good Sir,
Permit my tears to quench your Flames to me,
And let my sighs kindle your Love to her.
Prov. Her Reason has to Love a Martyr bin,
O let your Pity give it life agen!
Phil. My heart did first *Heraclia's* captives prove,
To her, I am oblig'd in bonds of love.
Celania gave my person liberty
To her by honour I shou'd grateful be,
I owe my self to both, what shall I doe

Theo. Colin, the Princess [illegible]
On me, so that whatsoever debt you say,
You, in affection, still to her may owe,
You are oblig'd in honour not to pay.
Phil. 'Tis true —— she has forsaken me. ——
Polyn. You may
VVithout Entrenching on your Love defray
The debt you owe to honour, since you see
The Princess from the other sets you free.
Arcon. Stand not demurring Sir, give me your hand,
With that I doubt not but I shall Command
Celania into health, See how her Eye
Is fix'd on you as on her remedy.
Cela. VVhat do I feel? Can apparitions be
So liable to Sence? —— Or is it he, and living still?
Speak, Sir, may we with truth conceive
That you still live; I shall your voyce believe
Though I distrust my Sences.
Phil. I am still
The same *Philander* which you freed.
Cela. And Can you love?
Philan. I, there's the question which I knew she'd move.
Know I can Love, and since that Love does want
Growth in *Heraclia's* bosom I'le transplant
It into yours.
Cunop. Mistress I wish you'ld be
As plyant and as mercifull to me.
Leuc. I am flesh and blood.
Cun. I would not wed a Ghost.
Leuc. I cannot see so good a Servant lost.
Hera. Dear *Celania*! Nought greater can ensue
My double bliss in *Theocles* and you.
Theo. My Admiration and my Love Contest,
Which shall out-vy the other in my breast.
Phil. My quarrel here with *Theocles* shall end,
I loose a Rival and Preserve a Friend;
Celania does our Cause of strife remove,
We onely shall contend which most shall love.
Celan. How much am I to love and Fortune bound!
Finding *Philander*, I my self have Found.
Arcon. Those Sences which excessive Grief destroyes,
May be recover'd by excessive joyes.

FINIS.